

they say love is contagious

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by [orphan_account](#)

Summary

George is sick. Dream wants to help him feel better. And when push comes to shove, maybe there's a confession he's been waiting to make.

Notes

hello! i can't believe i'm writing fic for the first time in like 18 months and it's for minecraft youtubers.... lol anyways this is basically an adaptation of a skamfr fic i wrote ages ago but it's twice as long and my writing has improved quite a bit so i'm pretty proud of it!! dreamnotfound has genuinely taken over my life and i have so many ideas for fics (including a wip that involves a heavy amount of angst) so do keep an eye out. i truly hope u enjoy reading this because i had a ton of fun writing it! love, hari <3

- also, context: dream, sapnap, bad and quackity are visiting george in london. covid-19 does not exist. i call dream's sister 'drista' bc why not. i couldn't figure out a way to incorporate any of this neatly without spouting exposition at u so yeah lol

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Dream stares at the endless rows of cans, balancing his close-to-overflowing shopping basket precariously on his hip. Who knew there were entire aisles dedicated to just different flavours and

brands of *soup* ? Dream didn't think he could name one person who ate soup on a regular, or hell, even a semi-regular basis. He decides right then and there that he has a problem with Marks & Spencer and their pretentious bullshit.

He picks a can up at random and scans the colourful label that brags about how their tomatoes are '100% Organically Sourced From Spain!' Dream figures that's a good thing – organic's basically the equivalent to healthy, and it's not like George's typical diet was particularly well-rounded by any means.

Dream drops the soup into the basket, where it lands against a frozen pizza with a solid thud. George liked tomatoes, he was fairly certain, but Dream was more than ready to force-feed every ounce of soup into his friend's mouth, so it didn't really matter either way.

Dream winces as he remembers how George had been wracked with sneeze after sneeze seemingly out of nowhere when the rest of them had been watching a movie a few nights before. Bad had quickly hit pause and jumped up to grab some tissues, whilst the rest of them had sat there, unable to do anything but listen to their friend sneeze like there was something hacking up his insides.

Once the sneezes had finally stopped ripping themselves out of George's body, Sapnap had raised an eyebrow, and asked, "George, you good, bro?"

A redundant question, sure, but Dream would have asked it first had he not been too busy rubbing a (totally platonic) hand up and down the curve of George's back.

"Well...I think I might be a little sick." George had admitted, rather sheepishly.

"A little sick?" Quackity had echoed in disbelief. "Dude, it sounded like you had the fucking plague!"

George had shrugged weakly. "It's not even like it's winter," he'd whined. "It's barely even autumn, and I'm the native Londoner here. Why am *I* the one catching a cold?"

Dream had felt something flutter helplessly in his chest at how he'd wanted so badly to wrap his arms around a rather petulant George and keep him safe.

And that was why he had forced Sapnap to explore the high streets of London with him that afternoon, trying to find something they could bring back to George's apartment to help him feel better. The Internet had told him the number-one remedy to sickness, aside from medicine, obviously, was a piping-hot bowl of homemade soup, so that's what Dream wanted to get.

He picks the can back up, and reads the ingredients, wrinkling his nose. Maybe he should try making a soup from scratch, instead? It couldn't be that hard, surely - just toss some tomatoes in a blender with some salt and water, and what, boil it? Dream was no chef, but there was no way that making soup could be a challenge.

"Sapnap?" He calls out, but his friend had disappeared somewhere in the chocolates aisle a while back. Dream shakes his head, pulling out his phone and dialling his younger sister's number, tapping his foot impatiently while he waits for her to pick up.

After a couple of rings, there's a fuzzy crackle of what must have been Drista moving around before Dream hears her familiar voice on the line. "What do you want?" she says in place of a greeting.

"Wow, not even a hello?" Dream teases lightly. "No, 'Hey, favourite brother, how's it going all the way in freezing cold England?'"

His sister scoffs. “So you’re not calling because you need something from me, huh?” she asks, and Dream can’t help but grin.

“Okay, you’re right, I do, but – ”

Her cackles echo through the speaker. “I knew it! I knew it! You’re so predictable, dude.”

Dream waits for her peals of laughter to subside. It takes at least a minute.

Finally, she says, “Okay, yeah, what’s up?”

“Well, I wanted to know, uh, if someone is sick, is it better to make them soup from scratch, or just get the canned stuff? Is there even a difference?”

There’s a long pause, so Dream wanders aimlessly to the next aisle, humming a tune under his breath

“Dream. Buddy. Do you even know how to cook?” Drista asks, and Dream can picture her annoyingly skeptical expression with ease.

“Um,” he starts. “Not exactly, but I figured how hard can it be?”

“I mean, sure, why not. That’s definitely the right mindset to have. And your fourteen-year-old sister is definitely the right person to ask,” Drista mutters. “Who are you planning on making soup for, anyway?”

Dream bites his lip, feeling weirdly nervous about telling her it’s for George, then feeling weirder about the fact that he was feeling nervous about telling her, because friends were allowed to take care of each other, and Dream was George’s friend, his *best* friend, and he was also literally living in his apartment while he stayed in London, so there was really nothing wrong with telling his sister that the soup was for:

“George,” he admits, and hates the way his voice catches in his throat when he says it.

Drista hums thoughtfully. “Oh no, he’s sick? That sucks. Send him some good vibes from me.”

Dream rolls his eyes. “How do I send someone *good vibes*, you idiot.”

“I don’t know, you can figure it out,” she replies carelessly. “Is it bad?”

“Yeah, uh, the other day he was just sneezing over and over again,” Dream explains. “It was kinda scary, honestly.”

Dream hesitates, not wanting his sister to know just how much it had affected him. Not that he’d thought George was in serious trouble, he wasn’t that dramatic, but it was definitely a little worrying watching his best friend (and hopeless crush) sneezing out his lungs like that.

“You’re so overprotective, you know that, right?” His sister says incredulously. “It’s just a cold, dude.”

“Hey, I called you for advice, not for you to be annoying,” Dream grumbles.

“Yeah, you need my younger sibling wisdom, don’t you,” Drista says teasingly. “So, what advice do you want again?”

“Well, I picked up some medicine from the pharmacy,” Dream says, “but since we’re all staying

with him, I thought soup would be something nice to make for him? What do you think?"

"Aw, that's so *sweet* of you, Dream!" Drista gushes just a shade too enthusiastically, and Dream hates the knowing tone in his younger sister's voice. He tries to reason that there's no possible way she can tell how Dream feels about George – but that's bullshit. He's always been way too obvious with his emotions.

"Yeah, yeah," he brushes off. "But what if he doesn't like soup? Or maybe his parents already sent him some? Or what if I make it wrong and then I accidentally end up poisoning him and he fucking - sorry, *freaking* dies?"

His sister sighs heavily. "Dream, I feel like you're overthinking this a little too much. It's just George. You've known him for *ages*, and we both know no matter what you do, he'll love it. He'll be all like, '*Thank you, Dream, you're my best mate and a top-notch lad,*' " Drista giggles through her terrible imitation of a British accent.

Yeah, I've known him for ages, but I've been hopelessly in love with him for ages, too, Dream thinks glumly to himself.

"Look, if this soup thing is actually stressing you out that badly, why don't you just call George yourself?" Drista suggests. "Ask him how he's feeling, and if he actually needs anything. He might just want some company, you know?"

Dream takes this into consideration. "That's...surprisingly, a really good idea," he acknowledges. "Thanks."

"I mean, let's be real here: what would you do without me?" Drista deadpans, and Dream scoffs at her before hanging up.

Out of the corner of his eye, he spots Sapnap rifling through rows of cereal boxes, pausing here and there to examine one more closely. Dream waves at him, and he throws up a peace sign, mouthing something at Dream. '*British cereal is weird,*' Dream assumes he's trying to say. He wholeheartedly agrees. He saw a box in George's cupboard that morning which had said it contained *Weetabix* – what the actual fuck was that?

Before he gets too distracted by strange British breakfast foods, Dream types George's number into his phone. It only rings twice before he hears a soft, sleepy, "Hey."

He firmly tries to ignore the way the huskiness of George's voice sends tingles down his spine.

"Hey, dude." Dream greets him softly. "Are you feeling any better?"

George groans. "I don't know. I don't think so. My nose is completely blocked, and my throat hurts like hell."

Dream hums sympathetically. "I'm sorry."

"S'okay," George mumbles. "Why'd you call?"

"Um, well...I was wondering if you wanted me to bring anything back to the apartment?"

There's a staticky crackle as George shifts position. "Hm? Wanted anything? Like what?"

"You know, like, um.....soup?" Dream offers, and fights the blush that rushes to his cheeks.

“Ugh, anything but soup, please,” George says immediately. “My parents have been bringing around whole vats of it – I literally don’t think I’ll ever be able to look at tomatoes the same way again.”

Dream’s eyes widen, and, very carefully, he removes the can of tomato soup from his shopping basket and places it far out of reach like it’ll somehow manage to sneak its way back in.

“Yeah, of course not. Soup is the *worst*,” Dream says emphatically. “But, hypothetically, if I was at a fancy British supermarket right now, would there be anything I could get for you?”

George chuckles softly. “You’re the best, Dream,” he murmurs, and Dream hates the way his entire body lights up at the compliment.

“Yeah, yeah, I know,” he says with his trademark casual arrogance.

“You’re at the Marks & Spencer near my apartment?” George asks.

“Yeah. Sap’s here too, but I think he’s too absorbed by the wide range of British snacks to be of much help,” Dream says solemnly.

George giggles, and Dream feels that familiar rush of pride that he gets every time he’s able to make George laugh. That’s because you’re an infatuated idiot, his brain helpfully supplies. He deliberately ignores the thought.

“Well, if it isn’t too much trouble,” George says, “Do you think you could get me some tea? I ran out of my favourite type last night, and since I’m not really up to eating anything solid right now, I’m kinda just living off of it.”

Nothing would be too much trouble for you, Dream thinks. Instead of saying that embarrassingly pathetic thought out loud, though, he just drawls, “God, you’re so English, it’s disgusting. Tea, seriously? What’s next, biscuits? Crumpets?”

“Fine, don’t get it, then, dickhead,” George huffs dramatically. “Just leave me here to suffer, I guess.”

Dream knows his best friend is exaggerating, but a pang of guilt rushes through him all the same. “No, no, I’ll get your stupid tea,” he mutters. “Text me a photo of what kind you want, yeah?”

“Okay, if you insist,” George says. “Thank you, Dream.”

Dream smiles. “No need to thank me,” he says, hanging up.

Five minutes later, he’s calling him back. The second George picks up, Dream yells, “I can’t find it! There’s got to be, like, a million fucking brands of tea here, but I can’t find the one you want!”

“What do you mean, you can’t find it?” George sounds like he’s holding back laughter, and Dream flushes.

“I’ve literally checked every single box in this aisle,” he retorts, “And I can’t find the one you sent me.”

“Are you sure? Maybe it’s just on one of the higher shelves,” George teases.

“I’m literally six foot three!” Dream shouts, fighting the stupid smile that tugs at his mouth. “You’re such an idiot,” he adds, and he’s never meant anything less.

There's a burst of hoarse giggles from George. "I'm sorry," he murmurs.

Just then, Sapnap strolls back over with his basket piled high with ready meals and beer: the two basic needs for any human being to function, Dream thinks proudly.

He opens his mouth to say something else when there's a loud sneeze on the other end of the phone.

"Bless you," Dream says automatically.

"Uhfgh," is George's articulate response, followed by a heavy exhale. "I hate being sick," he mutters.

"Did you take your medicine?" Dream demands instantly. "Remember how you need to take that extra pill in the morning, and the –"

"Yes, *dad*, I took them," George teases.

"Oh, my bad, forgive me for checking up on my best friend," Dream shoots back.

"Aw, Dream, you do love me," he giggles, and heat rises furiously to Dream's cheeks.

"Well, I don't know if I care about you enough to look through all these boxes of tea again," he says dryly, his heart still caught on the word ' *love*. ' It's different, saying it when he and George are separated by a five-minute walk rather than an entire ocean and the safety of the Internet. It's entirely more vulnerable.

George tuts softly. "Hey, it's okay, you can just get a different type if you can't find –"

"No, no," Dream interrupts, "I'm getting you your pretentious, fancy rosehip tea even if it kills me."

And he means to say it like a joke, but it doesn't come out quite like one.

George lets out a happy 'yay' into the phone, and Sapnap glances at him side-eyed, something hovering unsaid on his lips, and desperately, Dream tries to smother the burning ache in his chest.

* * *

"Guess who managed to find it!" Dream calls, holding the box of tea triumphantly aloft as he and Sapnap enter George's apartment.

Dream sees George pad softly out of his bedroom into the kitchen, dressed in sweatpants and his favourite hoodie – the one with the stupid knockoff Supreme logo adorning the front. He looks cosy, unguarded, and Dream scrunches his nose up a little because George is overwhelmingly beautiful in the fading sunlight.

"Hey, guys," George says as he comes up to them and leans his weight against the kitchen counter. Dream's brain stutters a bit at the warmth of George's presence at his side; it's oddly familiar and frustrating all at once to have him so close but never close *enough*.

"This better be the best fucking tea on the planet," Sapnap mutters as he pulls out three mugs from

the cupboard.

George grins, eyes sparkling. "I'm telling you, it really is," he promises earnestly.

"I fucking hope so," Dream complains. "It took me long enough to find it – I checked the aisle three times!"

"Yeah, and when he still couldn't find it, he begged me to ask one of the shop assistants where it was because he didn't wanna ask them himself," Sapnap adds, shaking his head in disbelief. "I did, obviously, but that's not the point."

George bursts into laughter. "Wow, Dream, I had no idea you were that shy," he giggles, and Dream pushes at his shoulder lightly.

"British people are intimidating, okay?" He says in defence of himself.

George settles his chin in his hands interestedly. "Oh, so you find me intimidating, then?" He asks, leaning in slightly.

Dream gulps, even though George is a good five inches shorter than him and to call him intimidating would be a hysterical understatement. It's the look in George's eyes, the intensity behind the deep brown of his pupils, that makes Dream speechless.

He shakes his head abruptly, pushing away his wandering thoughts. "No," he states firmly. "George, I hate to break it to you, but you are the *opposite* of intimidating."

Sapnap lets out a laugh at that, and George flips them both off casually, even though Dream can tell he's holding back a smile.

While Sapnap tries to figure out how to work the kettle, George fiddles with his hoodie, pulling the sleeves over his hands in a way Dream finds absurdly cute. He tears his attention away reluctantly when George looks back up at him again.

"Thank you, though, seriously," he murmurs, quiet enough that Dream has no choice but to lean in, soaking up the smell of fresh spearmint, which is what he's quickly come to realise is George's perpetual scent.

"Hey, I told you – don't thank me," Dream manages around the lump in his throat. "You're sick, remember? It's uh, it's basically my job to take care of you."

He doesn't know what prompts him to say that last bit; there's just something about George's open vulnerability that makes his chest twinge.

George raises a curious eyebrow. "It's your job, huh? Why's that, exactly?"

Dream flashes him a cheeky grin. "Well, because, the sooner you get better, the sooner we can go check out that stupid museum exhibit about aeroplanes you've been begging us to go to."

George brightens immediately. "Really? I thought you all said it would be boring when I brought it up to you guys. Even Bad didn't seem keen, and he was the one person I was relying on."

Dream rolls his eyes good-naturedly. "Yeah, yeah, I've had a change of heart, I guess. Once, you know, you're finally allowed to leave your sickbed, we'll go learn all about the history of aeroplanes, or whatever the fuck it's about."

“You’re going to love it, Dream,” George assures him excitedly. “Ah, I can’t wait! And hey, don’t worry, I promise I’ll make it interesting for you,” he adds with a mischievous wink. A small part of Dream’s brain processes that, somehow, this plan has gone from one for their friendship group to just a one-on-one...date, apparently?

Is this flirting? Dream’s brain thinks dazedly. It’s far too easy, practically a habit, for him to push the boundaries with George – to make suggestive jokes on stream that are forgotten the moment he makes them, his only goal to make George stutter or get distracted. It’s much harder (and rarer) when George turns that back on him, with alarmingly smooth pick up lines or casual flirtatious remarks. Randomly, Dream remembers a video making the rounds on Twitter a few weeks ago, titled, *‘compilation of george making dream go ‘WHAAAT’ by flirting with him.’* He’d been tagged in it at least a hundred times.

He’d also watched it at least a hundred times.

In the pools of sunlight that trickle through the kitchen window, George’s pale features are painted in swathes of muted gold; a voice in Dream’s head tells him this is a bad idea, to stop looking, to tear his gaze away from the smooth curve of George’s jaw and the sharp planes of his cheekbones and the endless depths of his dusky brown eyes.

The sound of three mugs being placed on the marble counter snaps Dream out of his reverie.

“George, what the actual fuck is your kettle,” Sapnap grumbles.

“Yeah, I need to get a new one,” George sighs, and stretches, cracking the joints in his back in a way that honestly shouldn’t be appealing but unfortunately, really, really is.

“Can you pass me a teabag?” George asks, gesturing to the box in Dream’s hands.

It takes Dream a second to regain his bearings and hand the box over. George’s fingers brush his own as it passes between them, and Dream swears he forgets how to breathe.

* * *

An hour later, it’s obvious that George’s energy is waning.

“I’m fine, guys, I swear,” George claims, but the raspiness of his voice and deep-set bags under his eyes beg to differ.

“George, just shut up and get some rest. Don’t even think about getting out of bed,” Dream tells him, making sure his tone leaves no room for any disagreement.

Begrudgingly, George agrees, so Sapnap and Dream head towards the guest room they’re sharing for the duration of their trip.

“Wanna play some video games?” Sapnap asks. “Bad and Quackity should be back pretty soon.”

Dream could use a distraction. “Sure,” he grins.

They begin setting up Mario Kart, Dream instantly calling dibs on playing as Bowser. Quackity and Bad get back to the apartment just a few minutes later, and the four of them battle it out in an

epic Mario Kart tournament which involves a numerous amount of hushed swearing, cajoling, and death threats.

“I swear, Sapnap, if you use that blue shell right now, I’ll fucking kill you,” Quackity whispers.
“I’ll fucking kill you, I swear to God.”

“Is that so, Quackity? I’d like to see you try.”

“Oh yeah, you sure about that?”

“Wait, no, no no no no no NO!”

“Shut up, George is *sleeping* !”

“Yeah, well Quackity fucking *bit* me, what the hell?”

By the end of it, Dream comes second place, and all things considered, he’s honestly quite fine with that. Quackity takes a gleeful selfie with the TV screen, then snaps a pic of the rest of them, cropping Dream’s face out strategically.

Dream’s phone lets him know he’s been tagged in a photo on Instagram, and when he reads the caption, he throws a pillow at Quackity’s head.

[image]

15,394 likes

quackity HAHA LOOK AT THESE SORE LOSERS #L ALSO I BIT SAPNAP

“I’m not a sore loser, asshole!” Dream shouts, briefly forgetting all about George. “I came in *second!* ”

“Aw, poor Dream,” Bad coos. “It’s okay, being the runner-up isn’t too bad.”

Dream gapes at him. “You placed third, Bad, you literally have no place to talk.”

“Yeah, but my entire reputation isn’t being a speedrunner, is it?”

“Oh, fuck you,” Dream swats him on the shoulder lightly as the rest of his friends cackle.

Sapnap stands up, clearing his throat dramatically.

“Listen,” he announces. “As the ultimate loser of our little tournament, which *only*, and I repeat, *only* happened because one of us is a freak who bites people –”

“Guilty as charged,” Quackity shrugs.

“As I was *saying*,” Sapnap continues, “I believe that alcohol is required to wipe this terrible occasion from my memory.”

“Seconded,” Quackity calls out. “I mean, I won, but I still wanna get drunk to celebrate, you know?”

“We get it, Quackity, you won,” Dream mutters. Quackity smiles sweetly at him. Bitch, Dream thinks.

Sapnap rolls his eyes. “Boys, boys, settle down, and let’s crack open some beers.”

“Quietly!” Bad adds. “George really needs his rest.”

“Damn, Bad, you’re sounding like Dream, what with all the fussing over George,” Quackity remarks.

“I do not *fuss* over George,” Dream says haughtily, as if anyone’s going to believe him.

“Right...you just obsess over his every move,” Sapnap offers.

“And freak out when he lets out a tiny little sneeze,” Bad pipes up.

“And text him constantly to ask if he’s okay,” Quackity adds on.

Dream groans. “Can we please just open the beers?”

“Now you’re talking,” Quackity grins, getting to his feet.

A couple of bottles later, the four of them are sprawled across the sofas, some indie musician Dream has never heard of crooning softly in the background.

His phone pings, and he pulls it out of his pocket clumsily.

The notification is a message from George, which reads: ***‘you guys played mario kart without me : (‘***

Dream settles himself more comfortably against the cushions, grinning.

‘aren’t you meant to be asleep?’ He replies, then types out another text. *‘anyways, we only did that because we knew if you were playing, none of us would stand a chance’*

‘are you actually admitting that i’m better than you at something? and here i thought i was the sick one :P’ comes George’s response.

‘maybe. even if you tell anyone, they won’t believe you anyway,’ Dream shoots back.

‘i wouldn’t be so sure about that...’

A second later, Dream gets a notification: *@GeorgeNotFound has mentioned you in a Tweet.* He curses softly, swapping from iMessage to Twitter to see George has, in fact, posted a cropped screenshot of Dream’s text, showing just his contact name and the phrase, *‘if you were playing, none of us would stand a chance.’*

[image]

George @GeorgeNotFound

ladies and gentlemen, we got him. #imthemariokartking

853 Retweets 107 Quote Tweets 22,946 Likes

TommyInnit @tommyinnit

This is clearly fake. Dream would never. Tell me this is a joke Dream. Tell me.

sivka @truelavender

george post a tweet unrelated to dream challenge oh wait u can't

q! @cubecumb3r

lmfaooo who's ready for dnf shippers to make mario kart the focal point of every fic from here on out bc i certainly am

Garfield @foxy_maize

these bitches gay... good for them /j

Dream shakes his head and replies with a simple, *'guys this is a lie don't fall for george's terrible photoshop skills'* before turning his phone off and tossing it onto the sofa.

"Well, that was certainly...interesting," Quackity says loudly, and Dream's head snaps up.

"Huh?" He says eloquently, widening his eyes at his staring friends.

"Dude, we just watched you smile at your phone like it," Sapnap gestures slightly drunkenly, "holds all the secrets to the universe or something."

"Yeah, and isn't it a coincidence that you were texting George the entire time?" Bad says gleefully.

"How do you know that?" Dream says, so defensively that it's obvious Bad is right.

"Well, George just tweeted out a rather incriminating screenshot where you, of *all* people, admit

that George is better at Mario Kart than you are,” Quackity says, proudly holding his phone aloft and displaying the tweet to the group.

“Is it really that hard to believe that I would say that?” Dream tries, raising his hands innocently.

“Yes,” is the instant, unanimous response.

“Come on you guys, you’re just being weird. George and I are always like this.”

Sapnap cocks his head.

“Dream,” he says quietly. Dream meets his questioning gaze and waits for him to say something else. He doesn’t – just keeps staring at Dream with eyes that seem to look right into his soul. Sometimes, Dream hates how well his childhood friend knows him.

“Fuck,” he says out loud. Is this it? The moment where he finally snaps and tells them? It might actually be worth it, if only so he doesn’t have to suffer in pained silence about this any longer.

“Okay, uh, this is gonna sound kinda weird,” he starts. “But, um, hypothetically, have any of you ever realised you had feelings for someone close to you?”

“Like, a friend?” Bad furrows his brow.

Dream runs a hand through his hair raggedly. He was really doing this, apparently. “Um, yeah. Like a friend.”

The song that’s playing trails off, leaving them in a heavy silence.

“Um,” Sapnap tries. “I mean, yeah. I don’t know. Probably?”

“Is this still hypothetical?” Quackity asks, sounding like he already knew what Dream’s response would be.

Dream exhales heavily, and knocks his head back against the solid weight of the wall.

“No,” he says, fidgeting with his hands in his lap. “I guess it isn’t.”

“So....why don’t you just tell him?” Sapnap suggests, like it’s the easiest thing in the world.

Dream bites his lip, hard enough to draw blood. “I can’t,” he grits out.

“Why not?” Bad asks, placing a hand on Dream’s shoulder.

“You don’t understand. I just can’t.” How does Dream articulate it? The enormity of his feelings, and what it means if he displays them – especially to *George*, of all people?

“Why? Honestly, man, what’s the worst that can happen here?” Quackity argues. “He rejects you, and then what? You move on and find someone else. Simple.”

Goddamn law students, Dream thinks randomly to himself.

“Are you kidding, Quackity? It’s the opposite of simple,” Dream says sadly. “I could lose my best friend.” Dream fights the surge of emotion that rises in his chest at the acknowledgement that right, his feelings for George could truly fuck up *everything*.

Sapnap’s eyes soften, and he nods understandingly. “Okay,” he says, slowly. “Dream, listen. It’s

scary, I'm sure. But I'm speaking for all of us when I say we've *seen* the way George looks at you. Honestly, dude, I think your chances of success are pretty high. And even if we're wrong, even if, you know, George doesn't like you like *that*, isn't it better to be honest with him than keeping such a huge secret? Won't it eventually come out in the end?"

Dream swallows, taken aback by the insightfulness Sapnap possesses. He's not surprised his friend knows him so well – it's just scary to hear his worst fears articulated. "You - you really think I should tell him?" He says, unsteadily.

Quackity nods, pressing his lips together solemnly. "Dream, I don't think any of us would ever encourage you to make a bad decision."

"Never," Bad says emphatically.

"I know, I know," Dream sighs. "It's just so...ugh," he trails off, unable to put the magnitude of how he feels into words.

"Hey. You're my oldest friend, and the bravest dude I know," Sapnap says. "If anyone can do this, you can. I know that sounds super fucking cheesy, but it's true."

Dream bites his lip. "Thanks, Sap," he mutters, blinking back the tears that have begun welling up in his eyes. Something clicks into place for him. "Also, uh, did I just come out to all of you?"

"Well, yeah! You came out, and we're all so proud of you," Bad beams, clapping his hands together.

"Yeah, man, good on you," Quackity agrees.

Dream stares at them, baffled, because was that it? Was it that easy for them to accept who Dream was and move on? Clearly, from the warm, shy smiles on each of his friend's faces, it was.

"So...you're, uh, bi? Gay?" Sapnap asks, no malice in his voice, just curiosity. "Oh, fuck, sorry if that's offensive," he adds hastily.

Dream waves him off. "Nah, it's cool. I'm - I'm bi, yeah."

He exhales, not realising how both terrifying and yet freeing it was to have that confession out in the open. Sapnap shifts closer and knocks his knee against Dream's.

"Thanks for telling us, dude," he says, voice steadfast. "You know we're always here for you, right?"

Dream rubs at his nose. "Yeah, yeah," he mumbles gruffly through a closed-off throat.

"You know what this calls for," Bad says excitedly. "Group hug pile, come on!"

"Oh God, no, *please*," Dream protests, and then Sapnap, Quackity and Bad are crawling on top of him and wrapping their arms around him so tight he thinks he might pop. He lets out a stifled groan against the crook of Sapnap's shoulder.

"We love you, Dreamy," Quackity says from somewhere near Dream's elbow.

"Yeah, I love you guys too," Dream admits grudgingly. "Now, get the fuck off of me before I suffocate to death."

Laughing, his friends detach themselves, Bad and Quackity plopping down on the sofa in front of

Dream and Sapnap.

“So, what’s the game plan here?” Bad asks.

“Yeah, how exactly are you gonna tell George you like him?” Quackity says eagerly.

Dream frowns. “I’m not really sure, to be honest. I mean, telling you guys was hard enough. I...I don’t think I’m ready to speak to him just yet.”

His friends’ faces fall, and Dream’s heart sinks. He knows he’s being a coward, but the idea of actually confessing to George sends his pulse skyrocketing.

Sapnap claps him on the shoulder. “That’s fine, dude. Stuff like this? It’s like jumping off a waterfall. It’s fucking scary as shit. But I promise you, whenever you’re ready, we’ve got your back,” he says reassuringly. Dream feels the tears threaten to spill down his face again.

“God, I’m such a wreck,” he jokes, scrubbing at his eyes with the sleeve of his shirt.

“I mean, yeah, but that’s okay,” Quackity says without looking up from his phone.

Dream doesn’t take his comment to heart, not when he gets a text from Quackity the same second that reads *‘love you bro. always.’*

* * *

Dream wakes up with a start. In the other bed, Sapnap continues snoring soundly like he’d been doing long before Dream fell asleep. He isn’t sure if it was a noise from outside that woke him up, or maybe late-set jet lag, but either way, Dream accepts he won’t be able to go back to sleep any more that night.

Instead, he reaches out blindly for his phone on the bedside table and turns it on to see it’s 4.47 a.m. The bright white of the screen makes him wince, and he quickly makes the display as dim as possible.

He opens up the Twitter app automatically, scrolling through it without really focusing. Idly, he retweets Mr Beast’s latest post about a new charity fundraiser.

@GeorgeNotFound liked your Retweet, his phone informs him politely, and Dream’s heart rate speeds up at the knowledge that George, just like him, is awake too, lying in his bed just a door away from Dream. He slides back to iMessage, where George’s text is still his most recent notification.

‘hey’, Dream sends him, feeling like an eighth-grade girl texting her crush for the first time.

George replies instantly.

hi :]

how are u feeling?

honestly a lot better. i think the meds are finally kicking in which is pog

very pog indeed

so... what r u foing awake at this hour

*doing*****

Dream has never been so endeared by a spelling error before.

idk. woke up randomly and now i can't fall asleep again.

wbu

i slept too much today so now i'm way too awake

wait why can't u fall asleep?

bc sapnap's snores are too fucking loud :/

haha that is true

why don't you just come to my room then

Dream's phone falls out of his hands and lands with a solid *thunk* on the floor. He slaps a hand to his forehead, groaning when he feels the flush making its way across his body. George can't – he can't just say stuff like that. Does he not know the power he holds? Is he honestly not aware that he has the ability to make Dream weak to his knees with just nine words?

From the ground, Dream sees his phone light up with another notification. He scrambles out of the bed, picks it up, and sits on the floor, resting his head against the blessedly cool table.

dream?

sorry my phone fell on the floor

oh ok

thought u fell asleep

nahh

Dream doesn't know what to say next. In the silvery cast of the moonlight, everything seems ethereal. He isn't quite sure if he's awake anymore.

i mean i would come to ur room but ur sick

is my answer to ur question from earlier

Smooth, idiot, he thinks to himself.

i'm telling u i feel fine

it's the tea it cured me

tea has magical healing powers for us brits <3

oh so i'm basically the reason ur feeling better then?

well i guess

mainly the tea tho

but i was the one who bought the tea and hand delivered it to u :)

thats bc ur a simp LOL

Dream wonders if George knows how accurate his joke really is.

anyways im bored i've slept like the whole day

good! u need ur beauty sleep

are you saying i'm beautiful?

no im literally saying ur ugly that's the whole joke george

fuck u :(

hahahaha

dreaaaaam

i'm boredddddddddd

what do u want me to do about that??? its like 5am george

idk

we could watch a movie?

if ur not too tired that is

Even if Dream was exhausted beyond belief, there was no way he would say no to George. He's never been able to, and frankly, he doesn't think he ever could. Dream thinks that if George asked him to move the moon and stars, he would spend the rest of his life building a ladder to outer space just to fucking try.

ok we can watch one (1) movie

as long as u PROMISE you'll kick me out if u need to rest

yayyyy :]

yes i promise i promise

ok im coming

hurry

i have to be quiet cant wake up little sappitus

loool

sappity nappity <3

When Dream treads softly out of the guest room, he feels oddly nervous and he doesn't quite know why.

"George?" he whispers, knocking on his friend's door.

Almost instantly, George opens it. His dark hair is mussed slightly, and he's in pajamas – rumpled navy sweatpants and a well-worn black T-shirt.

Dream smiles. "You're looking better," he says, standing in the doorway.

Looking good, his mind supplies him with unhelpfully.

George flashes him a grin. "Thanks. I genuinely do feel better, y'know. I wasn't lying in my texts.

"I believe you, George," Dream says, then cocks his head. "Why the fuck does it smell so good in here?"

George bites his lip, smiling like a little kid. "Don't tell anyone, but I snuck out to the kitchen and stole some of the brownies Bad made earlier."

Dream nods, inhaling the scent of chocolate and sugar. "I won't snitch, I promise," he assures him.

"I was thinking," George says, the corner of his mouth twitching mischievously, "that I should fall sick more often if it means I get treated like this."

"Treated like what," Dream says, unimpressed.

George's smile widens. "Freshly baked goods, sleeping all day, and best of all, *Dream himself* doting on me? It can't get much better than that, let's be honest."

Dream scoffs, trying to ignore the flutter in his heart at George's mention of him. It's that thing again – that way George toes the line between being nice and flirting so easily, so delicately. It's never obnoxious, never clearly a joke in the way Dream's comments are. George is infuriatingly more subtle, and these days, Dream is finding it harder and harder to decipher if George is being genuine or not.

He then realises George has been waiting for a proper response for at least thirty seconds and prods him hard in the shoulder. "Please don't. Fall sick more often, that is," he says stiltedly.

George's smile is slightly strained. "Uh, yeah, no, I was joking, Dream."

"Right."

George clasps his hands together. "So, are you coming in or what?" He asks lightly, and Dream nods and walks past him, his attention caught on the brief moment their shoulders brush.

George's room is unsurprisingly, still a mess, with cardboard boxes stacked high in one corner and his gaming setup taking up the majority of the space. His bed, and here Dream gulps, because right, he'd be sitting in George's bed, at *night*, had simple light blue bed sheets and a stuffed teddy bear on it that had been remarkably absent the first day George had shown them around.

"Not a word," George warns him solemnly. "Sir Fluffy will have your respect."

Dream stifles a giggle. "Of course," he acquiesces. "Nice to meet you, Sir Fluffy."

George beams with delighted satisfaction.

A few minutes later, they're lying on George's bed with the plate of brownies and George's laptop settled carefully between them. Dream takes one of the corner pieces, because he has good taste, and crams it into his mouth so he doesn't spill any crumbs.

"Attractive," George deadpans, and Dream sputters around a mouthful of fudge.

"Fuck you," he mutters once he's choked it down, and George giggles.

"Okay, so what do you wanna watch?" Dream asks, scrolling down Netflix's homepage.

"Mm, it's up to you, I don't really care," George says. "Pick anything."

"Are you sure?" Dream says, thinking about how picky George usually was when it came to watching a movie. George tilts his head in response.

With that kind of freedom, Dream doesn't take long to decide on the movie of his choice. He nabs another brownie as the opening credits begin to roll.

George rolls his eyes with mock exasperation. "Really, Dream? Fucking Ratatouille? Out of all the movies you could choose –"

"Hey, you said, and I quote, that I could '*pick anything*,'" Dream reminds him, fighting back a grin.

George sighs, shaking his head. "I guess I did. But still...Ratatouille?"

“It’s a good movie!” Dream says, defensively.

“Oh, yeah, totally.”

They stop talking as the first scene of the movie begins to play. From there, it’s just the occasional light wheeze from Dream at scenes he finds particularly funny, or a repressed chuckle from George as he tries to maintain his air of movie snobbery, until there’s nothing left of the brownies but crumbs and the first traces of dawn are creeping through the window.

Dream hums, stretching. “You want me to put the plate away?” He offers. “You don’t have to pause the movie, don’t worry.”

“Wasn’t planning on it, Dream.”

Dream takes the plate and heads to the kitchen, where he gives it a cursory scrub and leaves it in the sink. When he goes back to George’s room, George’s looking at him with a funny expression on his face – one that Dream can’t quite name.

“Uh, dude, you okay?” He asks, carefully.

George doesn’t react for a second, then nods a little too enthusiastically. “Hm? Yeah, yeah, I’m fine.”

“Okay,” Dream says slowly. The cogs in his brain are whirring, but he can’t think properly when George is sitting in front of him looking so goddamn *beautiful* in his stupid pajamas. There’s a smudge of chocolate on his cheek, and Dream sticks his hands in his pockets to stop himself from wiping it off.

George closes his eyes briefly, and worries his bottom lip between his teeth. Dream’s heart rate starts to pick up. Something had definitely happened while he had been in the kitchen. But *what?*

“George?” He asks, and sits on the side of the bed next to his friend’s legs.

Abruptly, George shifts his position, pushing his laptop to the side. He swings his legs around so he’s sitting next to Dream, and looks at Dream with those deep, beautiful eyes of his. Dream clenches his jaw. Unclenches it. Clenches it again.

There’s something hanging heavy, unspoken in the air, and Dream doesn’t dare to open his mouth in case he somehow ruins whatever the fuck was happening.

Finally, George speaks.

“Dream,” he starts, then immediately breaks into raspy coughs.

Dream snatches the water bottle on George’s desk and shoves it into his hands, shaking ever so slightly. George takes it gratefully, and something in the back of Dream’s mind notes how he’d been careful to not let their fingers touch.

George takes a long sip, then tries again. “Dream...have you ever, um, *fuck* – have you ever maybe caught feelings for someone who was...close to you?”

Dream feels his heartbeat jump into his throat, hears it hammering wildly in his ears. This is the moment, he realises. This is where he jumps off the waterfall.

“Yeah,” he says after a pregnant pause, desperately willing his voice to stop trembling. “You mean

like – like for a friend, or something?”

“Yeah,” George says, voice barely above a whisper. “Like for a friend.” A single sunbeam strikes through the window, illuminating a crooked stripe of George’s face in dusty honey.

“Um...yeah, actually,” Dream stutters, unable to hold down a single coherent thought. George has *freckles*, his brain supplies him with unhelpfully. “I have.”

Something shifts in George’s expression, his eyes thoughtful and dark. So, so dark. “Did you...uh. Did you ever do something about it?”

Dream swallows, and tries to calm himself down. “No,” he says, simply. “Not yet.”

George raises an eyebrow. “Not...yet?” he says, and it’s an innocent enough question, sure, but Dream has had enough of this torturous back-and-forth, has had enough of never making a move, has had enough of being a coward.

“Not yet,” he repeats firmly. “Until now.”

He finally dares to look up and meet George’s gaze properly. George is gazing at him through doe-like eyelashes, expression uncertain and soft.

Dream leans in, slow enough for George to back away. George doesn’t, but his breath hitches, and Dream hears it, he *hears* it. He leans in further, close enough that his body language can’t possibly be misconstrued for anything else but what he intends to do.

“Can I?” He manages to get out, and Jesus Christ, his voice is so fucking wrecked.

George’s eyes flicker from Dream’s to his lips and back again. Dream thinks his blush might have reached his ears from the way they’re burning.

“Yes,” George breathes out, and Dream feels it against his lips more than he actually processes it, and then they’re kissing. They’re kissing, and Dream thinks his brain might shut down because this couldn’t possibly be real.

It is, though, because even Dream’s overactive imagination couldn’t create the terrifyingly exhilarating feeling of George’s lips against his own. It’s all so just utterly *right*, so absurdly perfect that Dream almost can’t take it. George kisses him with the same stubborn determination he brings to everything else, threading his fingers into Dream’s hair and pulling him closer, kissing him like he needs Dream to breathe. The blood in Dream’s veins thrums; it feels like every nerve ending on his body is coming alive.

When George pulls back, Dream can’t help but chase his lips, not ready to lose the already familiar feeling of George’s mouth against his own.

“Dream,” George mumbles into his mouth. “Wait - *wait*,” he says, pulling back properly.

Dream doesn’t understand what could be more important right now than kissing, but he listens all the same and leans back. George’s expression is vulnerable, and a knife of panic stabs into Dream’s chest. Shit. Had Dream somehow completely misread all the signs - had he somehow just fucked up everything? Then George smiles bashfully, and it’s like the weight of the world has been lifted off Dream’s shoulders.

“So...” George murmurs, with a shyness Dream has never seen before. “I’m gonna guess that it’s me?”

Dream shakes his head ruefully. “It’s always been you,” he confesses, letting the vulnerability leak into his words.

George’s eyes widen at that, pupils so large they threaten to overtake the rings of brown. “Always?” he whispers disbelievingly.

“Always,” Dream says. “George, you – you *ruin* me,” he admits, spreading his hands helplessly.

George exhales, shaking his head, the most awestruck smile spreading across his face. Dream is fairly sure his own expression is the exact same. He can’t help it – he slots his hands around George’s waist and pulls him closer, and the two of them fall back onto the bed in a clumsy tangle of intertwined limbs. Dream takes a selfish moment to gaze up at George, drinking in every sunkissed detail. One day, he’ll memorise the pattern of freckles that adorns George’s cheeks, he swears to himself. It’s a startling realisation when it clicks that Dream would actually be able to do that – that his stolen glances won’t need to be furtive anymore.

George huffs self-consciously. “What?” he asks.

“What?” Dream repeats, attention caught by a patch on George’s jaw he clearly missed while shaving.

“You’re just staring at me, Dream,” George says.

Dream grins lazily. “Yeah, I am. What can I say, you’re beautiful.”

George scoffs lightly. “Shut up,” he mutters, without any heat to it.

“It’s true,” Dream insists, bringing a hand up to brush away the chocolate smudge he’d been transfixed by earlier. “George, you don’t even come close to understanding. I don’t think I’ll ever be able to take my eyes off of you.”

Pink creeps up George’s neck, and Dream positively *preens*.

“Okay, enough, stop, you’re embarrassing me,” George protests. “Can you just kiss me again?” He blushes further, but sets his jaw obstinately, waiting for Dream to move.

“Yeah, I think I can manage that,” Dream chuckles, and pulls George back in. In the warmth of the morning sun, George’s lips are soft and eager against his. Dream feels euphoric, like he’s drunk on joy, and it spreads through his body in waves, crashing around him till all he can think is *George*.

* * *

When Dream wakes up, he doesn’t know what time it is. He fumbles for his phone to see it’s just past noon, so he and George have only been asleep for a few hours. And that’s a wonderful thought to have – him and George. Dream looks down at his (friend? boyfriend? partner? He’s not entirely sure) with a pathetically fond smile. George is pressed to his side, half sprawled across him like the world’s clingiest octopus. He’s frowning ever so slightly, and Dream reaches out to smooth the wrinkles from his brow. There’s no other word for it than domestic, and a rush of dopamine goes through Dream when he realises this is his new normal.

That dopamine is instantly negated when Dream is suddenly wracked by a chest-rattling cough,

because, clearly, the universe didn't want anything in his life to be easy, ever.

"You're kidding," he groans, flinging himself back into the pillows. Next to him, George snuffles softly into his neck.

"Good morning," he murmurs.

"No, George, this is *not* a good morning," Dream complains.

George blinks blearily, rubbing at his eyes as he sits up. "Uh, why not? And if you say it's because we kissed, I'll actually kill you, Dream."

Dream shakes his head, throat aching as he sniffs despondently to himself.

"You won't believe it," he mutters, "but now I have the same stupid fucking symptoms that you do."

George looks him up and down once, and immediately bursts into peals of uncontrollable laughter, which only increase in volume when Dream sneezes so loudly he startles a bird off the windowsill.

"I hate you," Dream whines, pouting, and George sweeps him up into a warm kiss as an apology. It works – Dream melts into his arms, revelling in the feel of George's lips against his. He makes a mental note that being obnoxiously needy is a surprisingly easy way to get George to kiss him. Go figure.

"I'll make you some tea," George murmurs when he finally pulls away, breath tickling against Dream's forehead.

"Don't want dumb tea," Dream mumbles. "Just want you." He leans back in.

"Dream," George says, laughing into the kiss. "Dream, really –" he breaks off, eyes fluttering closed, a soft sound coming from the back of his throat that makes Dream shiver. "Really, I promise it'll help."

He breaks the kiss, hands cradling Dream's cheeks gently. Dream blinks at him, a little dazedly.

"Fine," he says, very reluctantly. George beams, jumping up from the bed.

Stupid George, and his stupid kissable face, Dream thinks. *Pretty George*, the other half of his mind goes. *Your boyfriend George*, it says smugly, and Dream bites back a grin.

Five minutes later, Dream has to admit the stupid fancy tea actually tastes pretty good.

* * *

The sun has climbed high into the sky, and Dream realises he and George have to leave George's room at *some* point. The rest of their friends aren't stupid – when Sapnap woke up, he had to have figured out pretty quickly where Dream went. George's apartment is only so big, after all.

It's easier in theory, much harder in real life, to bring himself to stop peppering kisses to every inch of George's face.

“Dream!” George yelps. “That’s my ear, you freak.”

“What if I have an ear fetish, babe? Would you still love me then?”

George rolls his eyes, and Dream isn’t sure if it’s at his terrible joke or his use of a pet name.

“*Babe*,” he mimics in a horrible American accent. “I’m hungry.”

As if right on cue, Dream’s stomach rumbles in agreement. “Yeah, I could eat a whole pizza in one go right about now.”

George pushes himself up from the bed, and Dream’s eyes snap predatorily to the sliver of his pale, exposed hipbone from where his T-shirt hangs off him. George’s eyes track his gaze, and he shakes his head disbelievingly at Dream.

“Stop *ogling* me,” George teases.

“Never,” Dream grins, reaching out to grab George’s hand. George hauls him up, groaning dramatically, till they’re standing less than a ruler’s length apart. When George goes up on his tiptoes to press a featherlight kiss to Dream’s lips, he’s never felt luckier about the additional five inches of height he has on him.

They walk out of George’s room, hand in hand, and head to the living room. Dream’s practically vibrating with pent-up energy, so it’s incredibly anti-climatic when they reach the room and realise nobody’s there.

“Sapnap? Bad? Quackity?” George calls out, only to be answered with dead silence.

Dream breaks off, heading for the fridge. There’s a yellow post-it note stuck to it that he’s confident wasn’t there yesterday. Sure enough, when he pulls it off, it reads:

Dear Gogy,

Sapnap said Dream went out to explore London on his own for some reason. He isn’t replying to his texts ~~so he might be dead~~ but he’s probably fine lol no need to worry about that loser. Hey if he’s lost can we call him DreamNotFound HAHAAH get it anyways we headed out to stock up on more groceries (aka alcohol) since we ran out last night. Hope ur feeling better and text one of us if Dream comes back :) Love Quackity <3

P.S. Bad made me scratch out the part about Dream possibly being dead but i’m just saying i have dibs on his youtube channel if he actually is OK BYE

Dream wheezes and George immediately approaches him. He hands George the note as his laughs turn into coughs.

“Dream! I keep forgetting you’re sick. Take two of the blue pills in the top drawer, now,” George orders.

Dream does so, chasing them down with some tap water.

“Okay, so they must still be out,” George says as he scans Quackity’s note. “And...they didn’t think you were with me? Huh.”

Something in George's tone catches Dream's attention.

"Why would they think that, George?" He asks, tilting his head.

"Um. No reason," George blurts out and ducks his head, averting Dream's gaze. Right, because that's not suspicious at all.

"George, I'm *sick*," Dream pleads. "Tell me," he whines, drawing out the last letter.

George sighs. "Alright, fine. You remember earlier, when you left my room to put the plate of brownies away?"

"Yeah."

"Okay, well when you did, you *might* have gotten a message from Sapnap, and I *might* have accidentally read it since your phone was unlocked."

George looks so remorseful, wringing his hands and frowning, that Dream can't even find it in himself to be upset about the breach of privacy. He's just confused.

"What did the message say?" He prods, and George blushes.

"Um, maybe you should read it yourself," he suggests. "It's not bad! It's actually the reason I had the courage to um, you know..." George finishes lamely.

"Okay," Dream says, reaching into his pocket and pulling out his phone. Sure enough, when he clicks on his messages icon, there's a new notification from 'Snapmap'.

*DUDE YOURE NOT IN THE APAREMTENT BUT YOUR SHOES ARE STILL AT THE DOOR
ARE U IN GOERGES ROOM DID U FUCKIGN KISS HIM HELL YEAH BRO POGGGGGGGGG I
KNEW YOU COULD DO IT*

Dream breaks down with laughter, so much so that he clings to the countertop like a lifebuoy to keep him upright. "You're fucking *kidding* me," he rasps out between shakes. "No – *No* ! This stupid text from *Sapnap* is the reason you let me kiss you?"

"Shut up, Dream!" George shouts. "How else was I supposed to know you liked me back?"

The two of them stare at each other for a moment, identical smiles splitting their faces. Dream runs a hand through his hair.

"I genuinely can't believe this," he says fondly. "We're such idiots."

"Speak for yourself," George sniffs haughtily. "Would you have done anything if I hadn't made the first move?"

Dream gasps in mock outrage, pressing a hand to his chest. "First move? I distinctly recall that it was *me* being the one to ask if I could kiss *you*, George."

"Yeah, well, I brought up the topic of conversation," George counters.

"And that was because of *a stupid fucking text from Sapnap*," Dream wheezes, collapsing into fits

of laughter again. George joins him, and the two of them fall apart in each other's arms in George's kitchen.

A few minutes later, Dream is finally able to compose himself. "Listen, George," he says, taking him by the shoulders.

"Yes?" George says, licking his lips absently.

Dream's brain stops, because what the fuck, that's not fair.

"Dream?" George asks, sounding slightly concerned.

"Uh, yeah, sorry. Listen, George. They're probably on the way back by now, and they have *no* idea about the two of us. I mean, aside from Sapnap, but he covered for us because he's the best."

George furrows his brow. "Do you not want them to know about us?" He asks hesitantly, and the undertone of anxiety in his voice makes Dream surge forward and kiss him.

"No, idiot," he breathes into the space between their lips when they pull apart. "My point is that we're able to tell them on our own terms, which is kinda epic."

George hums thoughtfully. "We could prank them," he suggests. "Like, post a tweet of us holding hands or something."

Dream grins. "That's the spirit, babe."

"I told you, enough with the babe," George protests.

"Sorry, *honey*," Dream drawls, Floridian accent on full display.

"Ugh, that's even worse," George mutters, shaking his head amusedly.

As Dream immediately begins brainstorming other embarrassing nicknames to torment George with, he hears the front door click open and their friends herd into the apartment.

"Uh," he says eloquently. George just stares at him.

"Hey, Dream's back!" Quackity yells as the three of them walk into the kitchen. "George, why didn't you text us, silly? We were worried sick about our little Dreamy."

Dream snorts. "Yeah, Quackity, that much was evident from your very concerned post-it note message."

Quackity grins. "Hey, I'm just trying to play my cards right. Not all of us can be as famous as you."

Dream opens his mouth to reply, but what comes out instead is a horrendously loud sneeze.

"Woah, man, ever heard of covering your mouth?" Sapnap teases, handing him the box of tissues.

"Was that sound *Dream*?" Bad asks incredulously. "I thought George was the sick one in this apartment!"

"Yeah, did you guys like make out or something?" Quackity jokes.

Sapnap elbows him in the side immediately. Quackity's eyes widen, and he mouths an apology to Dream that literally everyone notices.

George coughs awkwardly.

“Um...” Dream says, unable to keep the grin from spreading across his face.

There’s a long beat of silence.

“Oh my God,” Bad says.

“Wait – wait, hold on,” Sapnap says.

“I was right?” Quackity says. “I was *right*?”

“Oh my *God*,” Bad repeats.

“I fucking *called* it,” Sapnap shrieks gleefully.

“*I was right!*” Quackity declares.

“Yes,” George says helpfully. “We did. Make out. Dream and I – ”

“I *think* they get it, George,” Dream winces.

“We do,” their friends say in gleeful unison.

“You actually did it, Dream,” Sapnap says with a touch of pride. Dream dips his head, a self-conscious smile on his face.

“Well, no shit, Sapnap,” George interrupts, and Dream remembers the text.

“Oh, right. Sapnap, dude, I gotta thank you. If you hadn’t sent that message, George might never have gotten the balls to admit he was in love with me.”

“Okay, well, first of all, that’s *not* what happened,” George objects, then turns to Sapnap. “It did kinda help, though,” he admits.

Sapnap’s jaw drops in recognition. “George...saw my text?” He says dumbfoundedly.

“Wait, wait, wait,” Quackity says, hands on his hips. “What text are you three talking about?”

“Yeah, it’s rude to exclude us, you know,” Bad says disapprovingly.

Dream promptly hands them his phone. It takes approximately ten seconds before Bad and Quackity are cracking up.

“Holy shit, so George and Dream are together because Sapnap said ‘*Hell yeah bro pog*’? That’s so fucking stupid, I love it,” Quackity says elatedly.

“Looks like it,” Sapnap agrees, crossing his arms smugly. “You guys can thank me later. I accept Paypal transfers, but I also won’t turn down large amounts of cash.”

Dream rolls his eyes. “Not gonna happen. You merely speeded up the inevitable, that’s all.”

“The inevitable, you say?” George raises an eyebrow, a smile playing at the corner of his lips.

Dream flushes lightly. “I mean, yeah,” he says, wrapping his arm around George’s waist. “At some point, I was bound to become too obvious.”

"I think you passed that point a long time ago," Bad says airily.

"Very. True." Quackity agrees, punctuating his words by hitting the countertop.

Dream flips them off, then pulls George into a kiss, just because he can. Their friends cheer and whoop excitedly, Sapnap letting out a piercing wolf whistle, and when they break apart, only George has the decency to look slightly abashed. Dream, on the other hand, knows he's grinning like the cat who got the canary. And why shouldn't he be? He's got George, and that's all he's ever really needed.

"You two are disgustingly cute," Quackity observes. "Genuinely, I think I might vomit."

"Stop it, don't be mean to the new couple," Bad scolds him.

Dream pays them no heed, and neither does George. They only have eyes for each other, and when George steps closer to him, wrapping his arms around Dream in a warm embrace and tucking his face into the crook of Dream's neck, Dream smiles into the top of George's head, and thinks, *I'm home*.

* * *

fin.

End Notes

this entire fic is me just looking at george and being like *holds tenderly*. also, i have a brand new [tumblr](#) dedicated to the dream!smp so pls pls pls talk to me on there i swear i will become ur best friend instantly :] u can send me any prompts or fic ideas u may have and i'll try and get to them asap!

so, that's all from me. if u liked the fic, feel free to leave kudos/a comment! i hope u have an amazing day and i'll see u soon <3

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!